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THE
OECONOMY

OF A
WINTER'S DAY.

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LONDON:
Printed for R. GRIFFITHS, in St.
Paul's Church-yard. This present
Year.

1751.

THE
OCEANOGRAPHY



45.
1. 16.
462.

LONDON:
Printed by R. Gifford, 11, St. Martin's Lane.
1854.



INTRODUCTION.



HENCE with the Prophane! Hence with the great Vulgar and the small! Draw near, ye chosen few, who are worthy to partake of the solemn Mysteries, I am about to unfold.

It was but Yesterday that I was the Child's penny Rattle, the Boy's Trumpet: This Day the Wind whiffleth round, and lo! behold me the Organ of Oracles: The Sage of Sages!

*Gape then, and give Ear to my
Instructions: Experience hath sug-
gested, and a public Spirit giveth
them Utterance: Receive them with
Veneration: they descend to thee from
on High: Even from that ethereal
Apartment which is next unto the
Firmament.*

*Poor and content is rich enough.
Sixpenny-worth of Wisdom is worth
Six-pence. Truth is great, yea very
great, and very wondrous!*



T H E



THE
OECONOMY
OF A
WINTER's DAY.

AS soon as thou awakest from thy last Night's Sleep, give one mighty Stretch-out. Expand thy Limbs, even as doth a Lobster. Yawn, rub thy Eyes, acknowledge Day-light, and rejoice that thou art alive: Is not Sleep the Image of Death?

If thou art provided with a carnal Mate, turn thee gently to her;

salute her with a tender Greeting, and enter into bodily Conversation with her. Thy Country must be peopled : Thy Duty is thy Pleasure also.

After fasting so long as the whole Night, even from thy Supper untill thy Uprising, very meet it is that thou shouldst break thy Fast. Let thy Tea-Equipage then be set in trim array. Let thy Toast and Butter be kept warm untill thy Tea be poured forth : they were made to go together. I approve not *Coffee*, for the same is drying, and preyeth upon the Nerves ; I approve not *Chocolate*, for that it is heavy and undigest. Amongst the various Tribes of Tea, the unadulterate Hysson challengeth thy Preference.

As soon as the Calls of thy Morning Appetite are hush'd, commune with thy self, and ruminate on thy Affairs. Business must be minded.

Weigh

Weigh then well, what thou hast to do ; Procrastinate nothing. Thus thou shalt smooth thy Passage to an easy Evening ; otherwise the Needful that thou hast omitted, shall give thee more Trouble, than would the doing of what ought to have been done.

“ Let thine own Business engage thy Attention. Leave the Care of the State to the Governors thereof : ” and the same shall be gloriously taken care of.

Shun all political Discourse, or Concerns whatever. Why shouldst thou seek to be sick, or grieved in vain ?

Do thy Affairs call thee abroad ? Array thee in decent Apparel ; neither respect, nor contemn too much the Fashion ; the one is Foppery, the other Singularity : Approach then as near the Borders of the Mode as thy Fortune, thy Condition,

dition, and thy personal Figure permit thee. Follow not the Example of Numbers, who purchase the being ridiculous at a vast Expence. Propriety is Truth of Taste.

Calculate thy Expences of the Day, and allot for Contingencies. consider that one *British* Shilling containeth Farthings Forty and eight : avoid then Profusion : He that benefiteth by thy Extravagance laugheth at thee.

Remember that Independence is the beautiful and legitimate Daughter of Industry and Oeconomy. The first shall procure, the second preserve thee an honourable Property.

All Extremes are vicious. Detest all Poverty of Spirit ; the poor in Spirit are the poor indeed ! Be frugal, that thou mayst be just ; and just thou must be, before thou canst
be

be generous: Yet, do not, like thy miserable Country, fall down and worship every golden Calf; nor say unto filthy Lucre, I know no other God but thee.

Make then a Point of deserving thy Dinner before thou sittest down to it. If thou wouldst also preserve thy Heath, let thy chosen Dishes be in the Taste of thy Forefathers; plain, simple, and solid. The Juices of pure Meat excel even in Taste, all the sophisticate Compounds of the *French* Kitchen. Covet not the Luxuries of *France*. What are their Wines, but, like the Nation itself, Enemies to a *British* Constitution? They sow the Seeds of intestine Disorders, and should by no Means be the Draught of a true *Englishman*.

Prefer then the Produce of thy own Country; the friendly Mixture of the Barley, with the Hop
that

that runneth up the Pole ; or the yet more healthy Juice of the Apple: Punch is pernicious, it is made of warring Elements ; but the Acid prevaieth, and troubleth the Stomach.

If at thy Meals thou seekest the Sweets of Society, avoid too numerous a Company, lest thou be stunn'd with a Din, and Confusion of Tongues: Let thy Friends who shall be called to break Bread with thee be few, but well chosen.

Shun, as thou wouldst a Pest-house, the Tables of the Great : Lo ! their Cates are Poison-traps ; their Society is stuck with Gags, Gyves, and Manacles ; a good Taste disowneth them, and true Happiness hath said unto them, *I know ye not*. Few are the Exceptions, wherefore what booteth it to say there are any ? Leave Lords to Lords, like to like ; so shalt thou not be defiled with their Fooleries. An evil Taste, that Death of Life,
rageth

rageth greivously amongst them ;
neither can a Plague be more catching.

But, if for thy Sins, thou art ever
compell'd to spoil a Meal with them.
Behold with Compassion, and silent
Disdain, their solemn Sacrifices to
the Powers of Pride and Nonsense.
Behold the Side-board, glittering
with heaps of Plate, even like unto
a *May* Garland in the great City : On
this the Master vaunteth, and saith
unto himself, Ha ! am I not a great
Man ? Alas for thee ! thou Wretch :
Knowest not thou how dear it cost-
eth thee, even thyself the Purchase ?
and that thy Grace in the same is
nothing greater than that of the
Wanton who glorieth in the Pearl-
Necklace, acquired at the Expence
of a Prostitution, peradventure less
scandalous than thine.

Keep thy Mouth then in every
Sense ; but forget not to praise the
Cook, and the same shall be rec-
koned unto thee even as the Praise
of the Master.

Li

In the Hour of thy Escape, when the Door that let thee in, shall open, in a better Hour, to let thee out: Remember thou, the Rank and File of the gaunt and hungry Menials, who shall watch thy out-going; and do thou hold thy Ransom prepared; for their Masters are scarce more rapacious than they are.

If, after a copious Dinner, a gentle Languor shall steal upon thy Senses, and the Poppies of Repletion shed their Influence on thy Eye-lids, indulge thou kind Nature's Hint. A moderate Slumber in a Room well defended from the Cold, favoureth its Operations in the Task of Digestion; and thou shalt rise refreshed, and ready for the Amusements of the Evening.

The Dilution of Tea may also purge thy Brain of obnoxious Fumes;

Fumes, the Reproaches of Plenitude; the same shall also gratefully enliven thy Spirits, and nip Diseases in the Bud. Man knoweth not a greater Friend.

But lo! the Evening cometh on, and bringeth to those who shall have fulfilled the previous Duties of the Day, Ease, Relaxation, and leave to pursue the Joys that Flesh is Heir to, with Moderation and Distinction.

The Chapter of what thou oughtest not to do is infinite; and short the Chapter of what at once is meet and pleasing for thee to do. Study the same then well, and proceed thou accordingly.

The Temptations of Vice are sweet and alluring, but sweeter far, and to a just Taste more alluring, the Joy of triumphing over thy greatest
Enemy,

Enemy, even thy natural Inclination unto them.

Then love thou Virtue; but love it from Taste, not like the *Mammonites*, who have no Objection to Vice, but that the same is more Expensive than Virtue; or like the Elders, who snarl aloud at Pleasures they could wish not to have done with, and which they knit their Brows at, with an Eye still leering liquorishly towards them.

Refuse not then thyself to all innocent Pleasures: For thee they were made. All that is required is, that thy Reason should preside over them.

The Man who sayeth to Reason, "Thou shalt not controul my Pleasures," selleth himself to Bondage, and perdition: He becometh the vilest of Slaves. The Man, again, whose Reason surlily barreth up the Door against all Pleasure:

Pleasure : He is a Tyrant to himself : and best it is that thou shouldst be neither.

Health, Reputation, Fortune, and, above all, a good Conscience, should be the fixed Principles of thy Care. Whatsoever Inclination urgeth not thee to depart from these ; indulge : So shalt thou be merry and wise.

If a Play-house delighteth thee, laugh thou at the Puritan whose sour fermenting Zeal would deter thee from resorting thither in quest of Amusement. His own black Heart it is that maketh him see a Profanation in every thing that breatheth not a Gloom like unto his own. The bloated Spider replenisheth his Poison-bag from the Produce of the Garden : Albeit from thence the Bee culleth her Sweets.

Hast

Hast thou an Ear? Or in other Words, Delightest thou in Music? Thou wilt not think an Evening ill spent in which thou hast gratified this thy Elegance of Taste. Music sootheth sweetly the Ear, giveth Gladness to the Sad, calmeth the Impetuosities of Joy, and induceth in the Room thereof a more delectable Languor. The same hath also its Abuses, and what is there that hath them not?

But take heed thou, and plant a Guard upon thyself in those Instants, wherein thou shalt feel its softening Powers, lest thy manly Virtue be melted away by the dissolute and dying Strains of the *Ly-dian* Measure.

When thou comest out of a warm Room into a cold Air, arm thyself prudently against the change, lest Death rush in at every open Pore.

Does

Does Inclination guide thy Steps
 to some select fair one ? Ah may
 she be in one the Choice of thy
 Head and Heart ! If thou hast not
 yet found her, seek her not in the
 Hundreds of High Life ; neither
 in the Kennels of the lowest. The
 middle Condition shall afford thee
 the fairest Chance. Extreame meet
 in many Angles. The Hackney-
 Harlot, blown about the Streets,
 and broke with Geneva and Ex-
 ploits upon Barks ; and the superb
 Countess, worn out with Card-
 Vigils and the Exercises of the
 Velvet-Couch, present to the know-
 ing Eye the same Image, the self-
 same coddled, parboiled, unctuous
 Surfaces of Complexion.

Alas ! for the painted Roses !
 they please no more than painted
 Fire can warm or cherish.

Woe ! Woe ! unto thee if thou
 art seduced by the false Graces of

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the

the affected Female, or the extravagant Flights of the talkative Damsel, whose all of Half-wit consisteth in the Knowledge of every Trifle which the Merit would be *not* to know, and in the ridiculous Murder of Theatrical Scraps?

Happy thou of human Race, whose Evenings the Converse of a deserving beloved Fair One shall sweetly beguile. The same is rich Amends for the dull Duties of the Day. Her Beauty shall ensure thy Constancy, and her good Sense captivate thine. Her Virtue is under thy Protection. Ah lay not Snares for her Innocence. Thou canst not injure her Faith in thee, but at the Expence of what thou shouldest hold dearer than thy Life, even thine Honour.

Amongst the beauteous Daughters of *Britain* thy choice needeth
not

not be long protracted. The Land
aboundeth in Virtue and Beau-
ty, peradventure, more than any
other that the Sun travelleth over,
The bad and the homely are com-
paratively few, and meet it is that
some such there should be : Are
they not as Foils unto their Oppo-
sites?

Choose thou then the engaging,
ingenuous Fair, whose Beauties of
Mind and Body are all her own.
Choose her rather so young as that
thou may'st form her thyself, and
give the tender Plant the Ply thou
likest. Choose her also a Beauty
to thy Taste. Let her be so made
as to have no Favour to ask of Art,
but not to spoil what Nature has
done for her.

Beauty is an Essential. Even the
wise are corporeal in this Point,
and kiss not the Mind alone. Vir-
tue maketh no very desirable Fi-

gure, when she hath taken Lodgings where no Body careth to knock, or enquire if she is at home.

But hast thou a Mind to fill, not spend, the Evening? Wouldst thou atchieve the Heights of Pleasure and Profit in the most perfect Union? Seek thou the converse of Men of Knowledge: Nevertheless not of Men of Knowledge only, but of Taste also. Taste is the Salt of Knowledge.

Every sublunary Enjoyment but that of Knowledge goeth not without a Discount. After every Pleasure of the Senses the Spirits flag, in proportion to their Exaltation before: A Surfeit often followeth. In Knowledge alone there can be no dangerous Intemperance; neither is there any End or Satiety of the Joys thereof. Joys pure, delicate, unallay'd, worthy of the Soul of Man

Pick

Pick then such Company as may give thee Cause to respect thyself, and them. Let the Bowl flow, not overflow ; so shall thy Feast be truly that of the Soul, without Hurt of the Body. Thy virtuous Thirst and Hunger after Learning, may best be satisfied by the chosen few who are at once living Depositories of the Treasures of the Dead, and experienced in the current World. Thou shouldst live as well as learn.

If thy evil Genius throw thee perchance into the Society of Fools, betray not dangerously thy Intolerance of them. They are the mightiest Party : All public and private Places are littered with them. Meditate then thy Escape, and execute it without Offence. It is not a bad Departure that is dated from the Leave thou takest of them. The Pleasure of it is some Atonement for the Pain of having fallen in
their

their Way. Yet are not Fools
 unuseful ; they give Lessons of
 Wisdom, in that they are Examples
 to thee of what thou oughtest not
 to be thyself.

Hark ! Hearest thou not the
 Blusterings of the Eastern Wind ?
 Feelest thou not its deadly Damps ?
 It bringeth on its Wings the bleak
 Sweepings of a whole Continent.
 Tempt not thou its fatal Inclemen-
 cy. Rheums and Diseases are in
 the Air. See that thy joyous Fire
 be well supported. Spread thyself
 out before it in thy Arm-chair, and
 snug in thy warm domestic In-
 trenchment, bid Defiance to the
 Enemy without, even to the keen
 piercing Air that wanteth to get
 within thee, and destroy thee.

Company thou needest not lack,
 if the Living are not at hand, the
 Dead are always ready to ease thee
 of the Burthen that Man is ever to
 him-

himself. Choose then thy Reading to thy Humour; all Sorts of Subjects suit not all Seasons; but cultivate thou chiefly a Taste for the Solid and improving. So shalt thou in the Days of thy Youth secure to thyself a Privilege of Exemption from being numbered with those silly old Men thou seest the Earth incumbered with.

The Hour of Supper approacheth; it cannot be too moderate, too light, too digestible. Remember that Temperance is truly the Luxury of Life: As it is also the Tenure of thy Health, and the Preserver even of the Powers and Faculties in which Sensuality keepeth her Court.

After Supper go not immediately to thy Repose, employ a small Interval in the gentlest Exercise; a Walk is good, or any Motion
that

that may put into friendly Action the Powers of the Night-Digestion.

Forget not, before thou liest down, the grateful Duties of a reasonable Being to the Power from whom thou derivate every Blessing of Life. *The Fool hath said in Heart there is no God:* Yet to admit one, and not to act in Consequence thereof, is, if possible, a higher Strain of Folly.

Behold the Flambeau of Experience held out to thee: Art thou too proud to light thy Lamp at it? The Consequences be on thine own Head. Here endeth the System of the Day.

